

# CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

## DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND RELIGION.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY. BY DANIEL K. WHITAKER, NEW-BEDFORD.

Vol. I.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1822. PAID

No. 23.

### MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PHILANTHROPIST.

#### THE CORRESPONDENT, No. 6.

Though all men admit the free use of reason in determining what are the doctrines of Revelation, yet many seem disposed to deny its use and agency in determining what doctrines are not to be admitted as such. They intimate pretty strongly to us, that we may receive a doctrine as true, but we may not reject a doctrine as false, by the aid and direction of reason. They will probably say, confine this remark to the cardinal doctrines, and it is correct. But why this exception? It is arbitrary and unfounded. We are not necessitated, nor are we authorized to make this exception in respect to any doctrine of Revelation. If we can pronounce a doctrine true by examining its nature and evidences, we may pronounce one false by a similar examination. Reason may pronounce in favour of one and against another, with equal propriety. We say, this or that doctrine is a doctrine of the gospel, because we have studied the Scriptures with as much attention and impartiality as we are able, and our reason cannot withhold from it its full assent. We cannot deny it without extinguishing the light that is in us. Now, we cannot understand why we may not say of other doctrines, that they are not doctrines of Scripture, after we have examined them with the same fairness as the former, and are equally certain as before, that our inference is drawn on just principles of reasoning, and with sacred regard to truth and revelation. We accordingly with perfect consistency hold to the former, and reject the latter. We will suppose the doctrine of the Trinity to be the doctrine in question. The believer in this doctrine is convinced that it forms an article of the faith once delivered to the saints. He finds the Scriptures—he certainly appears to think so, full on this subject. He cannot deny it without doing violence to his conscience, to reason, and to the word of God. We say, peace to his conscience; for his faith, however erroneous, if he have and maintain through life the purposes and virtues of the christian, shall not prevent his enjoyment hereafter, of the society and felicities of the just made perfect. But his neighbour is a man not less intelligent, and faithful, and pure, and pious than himself. He labours hard too, to believe the doctrine of the Triune God. Much has been said to secure his faith in this article, his assurance that it is a truth according to godliness. He had thought from its prevalence that it must be contained in the Bible, and he cannot be satisfied in receiving it implicitly from others. His conscience can give him no rest, till he has examined the Scriptures with great care and caution. But in vain he searches for this much admired and often rejected doctrine. He conscientiously admits in its full force every passage that he finds in the Bible, which the most intelligent Trinitarians now believe proper to be thrown into the scale of evidence in favour of the Trinity. Weighed in the scripture balance, he finds it wanting. Thus situated, with a heart of integrity, with the liveliest moral sensibilities, with a conscience vigilant and void of offence; what does duty ask and demand

of him? Shall he say, conscience and reason must be humbled; the Trinity must be supported, or the "craft is in danger?" If his reason is not convinced; if he find not genuine passages of Scripture, which, by fair interpretation, support this doctrine, when brought in contact with numerous clear and powerful opposing passages; as an honest man and a christian, he must unavoidable reject it. We hesitate not to say that, in such a case, it is as much his duty to reject this doctrine, as it is his neighbour's to receive it; and that he is as well entitled to the christian name and character, and to as much of christian kindness and candour, as the most strenuous trinitarian. He ought to be considered so, the trinitarian himself being judge.

But it may be said, for we know that every thing is said, (perhaps with very honest intention,) to throw obstructions in the way of free inquiry, that to reject the doctrine in question, is to throw aside the Scriptures at the will of carnal reason, or if you please, fleshly intelligence; and that it is in fact making this carnal reason paramount to the Scriptures. But, my friend, is the Trinity a scripture doctrine, or is it not? If it be, is it not to be proved; and if it be not, is it not to be rejected, by the aid and direction of reason? No one, it may be presumed, has intuitive nor demonstrative knowledge of its truth. With its most strenuous advocates, its boldest champions, it is only an article of faith. With all that has been said and done in its defence, and explanation, and for relieving its unintelligibility by the charm of mystery, it may be false. Suppose it is not a scripture doctrine; is there then no danger in believing it? Is there not as much danger in believing it, if false, as in rejecting it, if true? Or is it no matter what and how much we believe? Can we make a compromise between articles of faith and the christian temper and life? Can a surplus of faith redeem a character deplorably defective in practical virtue? If we can reject nothing which men of orthodox faith, of piety and virtue, have esteemed and now esteemed essential, we may soon be oppressed with a weight of faith, which neither we nor our posterity shall be able to bear.—We may embrace, or we may reject the doctrine of the Trinity; for it has been embraced and rejected by the most eminent and exemplary christians. The Unitarians and the Trinitarians have equal right to their opinions.—And who is he that shall dare say to the conscientious of either order, your faith is hypocritical, and if persisted in, it will destroy you? Who shall dare say, I and my sect alone have found all that is pure in principle; and all who believe not with us have made shipwreck of genuine faith? We rejoice in hope that the time is not far distant, when the question relative to the religious character of men shall no longer be proposed, are they disciples of Paul or Apollos, of Socinus or Calvin, of Edwards or Priestley; but when it shall be enough that they believe the doctrines, obey the precepts, and imitate the example of Jesus.

The second volume of Saunderson's "Biography of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence" has made its appearance. It contains the biography of Benjamin Franklin, George Wythe, Francis Hopkinson, and Robert Treat Paine.

Extracts from Mr. Yates' Letter to the editor of the Monthly Repository, on the term Unitarian.

Glasgow, July 6, 1816.

Sir.—Although I hold in high estimation the intellectual and moral attainments of Mr. Belcham, and consider him as a great ornament to evangelical truth, yet I am decidedly adverse to his confined application of the term Unitarian. Thinking the subject of much importance towards the promotion of these objects, which he in common with all zealous unitarians, is pursuing, I beg leave to offer to him, and to the readers of your Repository, the following reasons for uniformly extending the name in question to all christians who, in opposition to the prevailing doctrine of three co-equal, and co-eternal Persons in the Godhead, maintain that the Father is the only true God, and consequently that our Lord Jesus Christ is a created, subordinate and dependent Being.

1. In the first place, the term was so understood by those to whom it was originally applied.—In my sermon on the grounds of Unitarian Assent, (page 13, note) I referred in proof of this fact to Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, cent. 16, sec. 3, part 2. Since publishing that sermon I have paid some attention to the use of the title among the Theological writers who preceded Lardner. I have found that its original and proper acceptation is exactly what I had stated. All these writers, so far as I have observed, employ the name Unitarian as a generic term, including under it all Christians, whether Arians, or Socinians, who believe there is only one person in the Godhead.—The term was used to distinguish them from trinitarians, who assert that there are three persons in the Godhead. It was consequently viewed as synonymous with anti-trinitarian. It was not conceived to denote a disbelief of the pre-existence of Christ, or of his agency, as a subordinate instrument, in creating the material world. Nevertheless, we find the names Unitarian and Socinian sometimes used as synonymous. Many of your readers will recollect an example in the title page of the "Brief History of the Unitarians, called also Socinians." The occurrence of such expressions probably arose from the following cause. The greater part of the Unitarians being Socinians, the common people, who are not accurate etymologists, used the title Socinian, which probably belonged to most Unitarians in so great a latitude as to apply it to all. A circumstance which supports this conjecture is, that the specific term Arian was also used with a similar freedom. Thus we find in Sandries' Bibliotheca Anti-Trinitariorum, (page 178) the title of a book which may be contrasted with that above quoted: "A brief history of the Unitarians, commonly called Arians." Other examples might be produced of the extensive application of the name Arian as equivalent to Unitarian. The confusion of terms may be accounted for on the same principle in this case as in the former. Mr. Emlyn, who to his death maintained the pre-existence of Christ, and his subordinate agency in creating the world, always speaks of himself as a Unitarian. He expressly says, (Tracts vol. 1, p. 286) "the Unitarians are some Arians, and some Socinians in their judgment concerning Christ." The first author who used the term Unitarian in its restricted sense was, I believe, Dr. Lardner. In this innovation



he was followed by Dr. Priestly, and other eminent writers. The word has, however, happily returned to its original acceptation; for,

2. As a second reason, it may be stated, that the designation we are considering is now generally understood to apply to all christians who, in opposition to the commonly received doctrine of the trinity, assert that the Father is the only true God. All the present Arians lay claim to the appellation of Unitarians. So far as I can learn from private conversation with the Unitarians of my acquaintance either in England or Scotland, they generally agree in understanding the term under consideration as equally applicable to all who worship the Father as the only true God, and bear their testimony against the established doctrine of a trinity of persons in the Godhead.

3. A third reason for the general application of the title Unitarian is, that such an application is required by the plain meaning and known derivation of the term. As the christians of one class are called Trinitarians, because they believe that there are three persons in the Godhead, those of the other class are called Unitarians, because they believe that there is only one. Understanding the terms in these acceptations, we perceive a contrast and correspondence between them, answering to the etymology of each. The name Unitarian thus applied, is expressive and appropriate, naturally leading the mind from the sound to the sense.

4. Lastly, the extensive application of the title in question may be recommended as likely to be attended with manifold advantages in the promotion of christian piety. The meaning of the term being thus fixed, the Unitarian controversy is reduced to a narrow compass. On the one side, the Athanasian brings, to support the doctrine of three co-equal persons in the Godhead, a list of texts, which, few as they are, seem for the most part to have no relation to the subject, except that in some view or other we may count three in them; and to prove the supreme Divinity of Christ, he produces a number of passages which either state nothing more than the sentiments held by Unitarians in common with all other christians, concerning the power and knowledge of Jesus; or, if they seem at first sight to oppose the unitarian doctrine, may be easily proved to be either interpolated, wrongly translated, or misunderstood. On the other side, the Unitarian states, in the plain and simple language of Holy Writ, and supported by many hundreds of explicit scripture testimonies, his distinguishing principles, that the Father is the only true God, that the Father is greater than the Son, and that all the power of the Son is given to him. The controversy being placed on these grounds, the evidence in support of the Unitarian doctrine is so copious, so overwhelming, that no serious inquirer, with a mind tolerably free from prejudice and from the bias of worldly interest, can refuse to embrace it. Mr. Belcham in his sermon preached at the opening of the new Meeting-house in Birmingham, has admirably illustrated the great principle on which Unitarians separate from the established church, and from other bodies of dissenters, and which is no trifling difference respecting forms of service, or modes of discipline, or even respecting minor points of doctrine, but a radical and fundamental opposition of opinion concerning the object of worship. The principal purpose for which christians meet in their religious assemblies is to unite in worship of the Deity. It is, therefore, absolutely requisite that they should be agreed respecting the person, or persons to whom they address their adoration. Hence Unitarians, if they offer public praise and prayer at all, are under an evident necessity of doing it in distinct societies. It will be asked if the title

Unitarian be uniformly applied in the extensive sense here contended for, how are we to distinguish those who hold the simple humanity of Christ? I answer, that it would perhaps be better not to distinguish them at all. But if there be any occasion to make even a nominal division of the Unitarians into two different sects, by the use of specific appellations, the terms *Arian* and *Socinian* are now clearly understood, and have been in common use during the last two hundred years. Had not my paper already grown to such an exorbitant size, I should have added a few words to express my cordial approbation of the plan which has been more than once suggested in the Monthly Repository, for combining the efforts of the English Unitarians by means of an association similar to that which is established in Scotland, and which, though necessarily upon a small scale, has already been productive of much good. But I must conclude with wishing increased success to your valuable Miscellany, and to the great cause of free inquiry, and evangelical truth, to which it is devoted.

JAMES YATES."

#### SWEARING CHRISTIANS.

I doubt not it will appear singular to couple the above words. That there is much swearing, aye, and profane swearing too, in christian countries, will not be denied. There are those who are professed christians, members of Christ's church, who indulge in profane swearing—indulge did I say, as if there could be any gratification in profanity. These persons, who joined the church in a spasm of religious feeling, perhaps, or at the solicitation of a vain minister, or, perchance, to increase the number of communicants in the church of a clerical relative, feeling no reverence for the christian character, affect to show that they are no fanatics or enthusiasts. They are ashamed of religion, it sits awkwardly upon them; they wish to make it conform to the fashion of the day. In manners, pursuits, pleasures, conversation, they are mere worldlings. They speak lightly of sacred things, by little and little practice profane swearing, and adopt all the sinful habits of the irreligious.

Still they are seen at church, though inconstantly; they even partake of the Lord's supper, a sad penance they are obliged they think, to pay, since they have, in a soberer moment, joined the church. What pity, with all other semblances of piety, they do not also forsake this holy festival. Better, far better, to renounce all appearances of religion, than to wear any the least of its badges, when the life is profane. The mischief they do the cause of Christ is incalculably great; nominal christians, and real worldlings; professors of religion, and lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.—Imitating St. Peter in every thing but his penitence and holiness, they curse and swear without remorse, without reformation; they have a form of godliness, and deny the power thereof. From such, says the apostle, TURN AWAY.—*Christian Register.*

#### INTEMPERANCE.

I have long been a proselyte to the belief that the remarks and opinions of our seniors are not only entitled to respect, but worthy of our strictest attention. Should you, Sir, happen to be of the same opinion, you may probably condescend to give publicity to the following narrative. If so, it may open the way to a series of future numbers, which will be founded upon the observations of my esteemed uncle, Jeremiah Trille, whom I have always respected for his frankness, veracity and sincerity.

I was particularly pleased with the old gentleman, in a late excursion up the Delaware, in the

steam-boat. After lighting his cigar, and deliberately seating himself under the awning of the boat, he beckoned me to be seated near him. After gazing at me for a moment, to secure my attention—"Nephew," said he, "*Immorality* has increased in this country fifty per cent. since the revolutionary war; and the particular species to which I would now allude, is that of *Intemperance*; a vice the most degrading and destructive of any to be found in the whole catalogue. The late Dr. Rush, from close observation, has estimated the number of inhabitants in Philadelphia, who annually fall victims to the immoderate use of spirituous liquors, to amount to some hundreds; nor can we hesitate to believe for a moment, that it is at this time one of the most prevalent evils amongst us. Fifty years since, when I was young, this vice was scarcely known—but now, the streaming tears of the orphan, and the heart-broken sighs of the widow, too frequently show its baleful influence."

Here my uncle drew his hand twice across his brow, and I did not perceive, until the second motion, that it was to brush away a tear.

After the old gentleman had composed himself, he related the following narrative:

"Timothy Riley, of your own age—the only son of my early friend, entered upon the career of life under very favourable auspices. His talents were brilliant—his education liberal, and his mind improved by extensive reading. Prosperity seemed to shine with resplendent lustre on his course of life.

"At an early age he married the girl whom he had loved from his youth, and two lovely children served to draw, if possible, the bonds of union more closely. Such was their happiness, that

"All who knew envied, yet in envy lov'd."

"A few years since, I parted with my revolutionary friend, and left him in the bosom of this happy circle. Every thing seemed peculiarly adapted to sooth his declining years, and soften and sweeten his pillow of death. But, alas! how uncertain are earthly prospects. Man lays out his plan in life, and feels secure of the cup of terrestrial bliss; yet it vanisheth like the sudden gleam of the meteor, and leaveth nought but darkness behind.

"In passing through New-York, last week, I called upon my venerable friend. He gave me a cordial reception; but I saw from his haggard look, and the evident emotion he manifested by placing his hand upon his forehead, that all was not right. He silently led me into an adjoining room, and pointed to a bed, upon which lay

"A Remnant of a Man."

"There," said he, "is the last vestige of earthly hope left me this side the grave. My son, my only son, by his intemperance, brought his wife to a premature grave—his two sons sleep by her side; and he, too, must soon fall a victim to his folly. My friend," said he, grasping one of my hands in both of his, "my glass is almost run, and now in the evening of life, I am left destitute and without a relation to support my feeble, aged head. Pride prevented my placing my name upon the pension list, and the few remaining hours left me, I am doomed to drag out in poverty and solitude."—Here my uncle Jerry burst into tears, and I was obliged to withdraw in order to conceal my own; but I mentally resolved to give publicity to the preceding narrative, in the hope it might be the happy cause of deterring some infatuated wretch from a course of intemperance.—*Demo. Press.*

An infant daughter of the Dutchess of Cambridge, lately baptized in England, has the following names: "Augusta-Caroline-Elizabeth-Maria-Sophia-Louisa."



## FOR THE CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

Mr. Editor.—For some years past, much apparent anger has been excited, and much gross invective wasted in this country, on account of the writings of certain British travellers, and the notice taken of their publications in the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews; and on the other hand, some writers among us have been silly enough to bestow praise on other British Tourists and authors who have written favorably of the United States and their inhabitants. Now, to me, both the censure and praise coming from such sources, appear equally insignificant and unworthy of notice. These authors, whether they flatter or dispraise us, whether they fling on us roses or mud, are alike actuated by feelings in which we have no concern; they use us and our affairs merely as a topic in treating which they can best vent their venom at each other; and happy is that literary hack, who, by a pointed sentence either for or against America, thinks he has stung a brother drudge of the opposite party; but to please or to pique us is frequently only a secondary motive with the writer, and generally does not form any part of his plan. I think it must be evident to every reader of the Quarterly Review, that the object of the attacks on this country scattered though that publication is of a nature purely political. The first of these attacks in the Quarterly, was contained in the article on Inchiquin's Letters.—We were then at war with England, and the writer's object was to rouse the English nation against its enemies. There was another on the occasion of Birkbeck's publications;—this was at the time, when the war being over, and that vent for an overflowing and now discontented population closed, when it was seen that large emigrations from Great Britain and Ireland were necessary; and this attack was accompanied or followed by a highly coloured picture of the advantages of the new Colony at the Cape of Good Hope; because, as there must be emigration, it was the wish of the writer that it should be such as would tend to strengthen, not weaken the mother country. And now that the Colony at the Cape has failed, are the Colonists sick of their new country, the Quarterly in the No. for July last, has another article equally captivating, and doubtless equally fallacious in the colouring with which it bedecks the new Colony at Van Diemen's Land; and this article is preceded by another, purporting to review the published tours of Harris and Welby and others, decided radicals, who it seems, have given radically different views of the state of society, and the soil and climate of the United States. One charge is much laboured, and perhaps made out, that the Tavern-keepers in America are sometimes deficient in civility to their English visitors. A long and pitiful story is told, of how Mr. Harris or Welby, I forget which, disputed his reckoning, and was compelled to pay it by process of law, in Kentucky; and this and other charges as heinous in their nature, are quoted to disprove the assertions of another of these travellers, who according to her own story, met only with civility. The unhealthy climate of the new settlements, is also dwelt on and enforced, again and again. Also Messrs. Birkbeck and Flower are accused of high colouring, and in some instances of downright falsifying. Now, did it not occur to the Reviewer, that the traveller who would not pay his landlord's bill, might be of the same disposition with the fellow of Cambridge College, England, (a gentleman of course) who, as we are informed in another article in the same No., sent his servants to rob for his subsistence during his tour in Egypt, and escaped better than his fellow-traveller in America? or granting that the Tavern bill was overcharged, does the Reviewer suppose that the tavern-keepers in England are

never exorbitant in their charges? Grant that the back-settlements are unhealthy, does the Reviewer believe that the fens of Lincolnshire are famous for the cure of the fever and ague? Or finally, does the Reviewer think that no Englishman ever received an act of civility in America, or that the people of England are never in any instance rude to strangers? No, the Reviewer is as well informed about all these and his other charges against the people, soil, and climate of this country and his own as we are; but the populace, ay, even some of the middling class of England, must emigrate; it is better for England that they should go to the Cape of Good Hope or Van Diemen's Land, and toil for a bare subsistence, ten thousand miles distant from any market for their produce, but where they, or their descendants may eventually become useful to the mother country, than that they should emigrate to the United States and strengthen a rival nation. Then, while we are satisfied that every man, whose opinion is of any value, must see the motive of these slanderous articles, why should we be angry at a vain attempt of another to benefit his own country by injuring ours in the estimation of his fellow citizens?

## Christian Philanthropist.

NEW-BEDFORD, OCTOBER 15, 1822.

## FIRE.

On Saturday night, about half past 11 o'clock, the inhabitants of our village were alarmed by the cry of fire, which proved to be in the cellar of Messrs. R. & W. Swift's three story wooden building, occupied in part by them as a Cabinet work-shop and ware-house, and in part by Mr. T. T. Churchill as a Dry Goods' store. By the timely exertions of our citizens the progress of the devouring element was stopped before it had communicated to the upper part of the building.

The Corner-Stone of a new Methodist Church was laid at Nantucket, on Monday, the 7th inst.

Last Friday was to be observed in New-York as a day of humiliation and prayer, in consequence of the calamity with which that city has been visited.

The N. Y. Daily Advertiser states, that the whole number of cases of yellow fever in that city the present season, up to the 5th inst. is 321—Deaths 191.

The Methodist Missionary Society at York, Eng. which has been but 3 years established, has in the four quarters of the globe, 150 missionaries, besides school-masters—30,000 members, 200,000 hearers, and 10,000 heathen children under tuition. Contributions last year £26,531—equal to \$117,000; less, however, than three-fourths of the amount actually expended during the same period.

The affairs of the Greeks continue in a promising train. The Turks, induced perhaps by their fears, were inclined to measures of conciliation; but their opponents will probably insist on independence.

Proposals are issued for publishing in the city of New-York, a literary work to be entitled the United States Quarterly Review, to be conducted by an association of literary gentleman, residing in different parts of the Union. The editors state their grand objects are to give currency to a classic taste; healthful, and yet refined literature; the researches of science; valuable treatises upon political economy; recorded improvements in the mechanic Arts; discriminating and

impartial history; those systems of medicine in all its branches, which are the result of experience and fact; confirmed law, sound politics; and the purest principles of revealed religion. The numbers of this work will appear quarterly. At the beginning of the months of January, April, July, and October, of each year, each number to contain 250 pages octavo. The price will be \$5 per annum, payable on the delivery of the second number.—*Boston Patriot.*

## ANECDOTE OF WHITEFIELD.

When Mr. Whitefield was one day preaching in Market-street, Philadelphia, from the balcony of the Court-house, he cried out "Father Abraham, who have you in heaven? Any Episcopalians?" "No!" "Any Presbyterians?" "No!" "Any Baptists?" "No!" "Have you any Methodists there?" "No!" "Have you any Independents or Seceders?" "No, No!" "Why, who have you then?" "We don't know those names here. All that are here are Christians—believers in Christ—men who have overcome by the blood of the Lamb and the word of his testimony." "Oh, is this the case? Then God help me. God help us all to forget party names, and to become Christians in deed and in truth."

There is a good anecdote recorded of the Mayor of Tiverton, (Eng.) who was advised to follow Gamaliel's advice and leave the Methodists and their religion to themselves. "What sir," said he, why, what reason can there be for any new religion in Tiverton;—another way of going to Heaven, when there are so many already? Why, sir, there's the Old Church and the New Church, that's one religion; there's Parson Kendall at the Pittmeeting, that's two; Parson Wescot's in Peter's Street, that's three; and old Parson Terry's in Newport street, that's four.—Four ways of going to heaven already.—And if they wont go to heaven by one or other of these ways, by— they shant go to heaven at all from Tiverton while I'm mayor.

[Esperilla's Letters.]

## MARRIED.

In Nantucket, 2d inst. at the Friends' North Meeting-house, Mr. GEORGE BRAYTON, of New-Bedford, to Miss HEPSIBETH MITCHELL, daughter of Paul Mitchell, Esq. of Nantucket.

In Providence, 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, Mr. THOMAS G. HUMPHREYS, of this town, to Miss ABBY EDDY, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Eddy, of Providence.

In Portsmouth, R. I. in the Friends' meeting-house, John A. Wadsworth, M. D. to Miss Eliza Mott, youngest daughter of Mr. Benjamin Mott.

## DIED.

In this town, 4th inst. HARRIET EART, daughter of Mr. Stephen Sawyer, aged 6 months.

In Dartmouth, 3d inst. Mrs. SUSANNAH KIRBY, in the 64th year of her age, widow of Mr. Silas Kirby.

In Rochester, 1st inst. Miss LYDIA DEXTER, aged 18, daughter of the late Mr. Jabez Dexter.

In Falmouth, 28th ult. Gen. JOSEPH DIMMICK, aged 88. He was well known in the Revolutionary war as a man of great courage, skill and enterprise. He has honorably filled several important stations in civil life. For many years he was High Sheriff of the county of Barnstable, and subsequently has been a Senator in the General Court, and Judge of the Court of Sessions.

In Yarmouth, 7th inst. Mr. THOMAS ARN, aged 89, formerly of this town.

In Salem, while on a visit to her friends, Mrs. ELIZABETH M. JEWETT, aged 30, wife of the Rev. Paul Jewett, of Fairhaven.

## 200 DOLLARS REWARD

WILL be given, for any information which will lead to the detection of the person or persons who set fire to the Store of the Subscribers on the evening of the 12th inst.

R. &amp; W. SWIFT.

Oct. 14, 1822.



## POETRY.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## TO A LOG OF WOOD UPON THE FIRE.

WHEN Horace, as the snow descended  
On Mount Soracte, recommended  
That Logs be doubled,  
Until a blazing fire arose,  
I wonder whether thoughts like those  
Which in my noddle interpose,  
His fancy troubled.

Poor Log! I cannot hear thee sigh,  
And groan, and hiss, and see thee die,  
To warm a Poet,  
Without evincing thy success,  
And as thou wane'st less and less,  
Inditing a farewell address,  
To let thee know it.

Peeping from earth—a bud unveil'd  
Some "bosky bourn" or dingle hail'd  
Thy natal hour,  
While infant winds around thee blew,  
And thou wert fed with silver dew,  
And tender sunbeams oozing through  
Thy leafy bower.

Earth—water—air—thy growth prepared,  
And if perchance some Robin, scared  
From neighbouring manor,  
Perch'd on thy crest, it rock'd in air,  
Making his ruddy feathers flare  
In the sun's ray, as if they were  
A fairy banner.

Or if some nightingale impress'd  
Against thy branching top her breast  
Heaving with passion,  
And in the leafy nights of June  
Outpour'd her sorrows to the moon,  
Thy trembling stem thou didst attune  
To each vibration.

Thou grew'st a goodly tree, with shoots  
Fanning the sky, and earth-bound roots  
So grappled under,  
That thou whom perching birds could swing,  
And zephyrs rock with lightest wing,  
From thy firm trunk unmov'd didst fling  
Tempest and thunder.

Thine offspring leaves—death's annual prey,  
Which Herod-Winter tore away  
From thy caressing.  
In heaps, like graves around thee blown,  
Each morn thy dewy tears have strown,  
O'er each thy branching hands been thrown  
As if in blessing.

Bursting to life another race,  
At touch of Spring, in thy embrace  
Sported and fluttered;  
Aloft, where wanton breezes play'd,  
In thy knit-boughs have ringdoves made  
Their nest, and lovers in thy shade  
Their vows have uttered.

How oft thy lofty summits won  
Morn's virgin smile, and hail'd the sun  
With rustling motion;  
How oft in silent depths of night,  
When the moon sail'd in cloudless light,  
Thou hast stood awe-struck at the sight,  
In hush'd devotion—

'Twere vain to ask; for doom'd to fall,  
The day appointed for us all,  
O'er thee impended:  
The hatchet, with remorseless blow,  
First laid thee in the forest low,  
Then cut thee into logs—and so  
Thy course was ended—

But not thine use—for moral rules,  
Worth all the wisdom of the schools,  
Thou may'st bequeath me;  
Bidding me cherish those who live  
Above me, and the more I thrive,  
A wider shade and shelter give  
To those beneath me.

So when Death lays his axe to me,  
I may resign, as calm as thee,  
My hold terrestrial;  
Like thine my latter end be found  
Diffusing light and warmth around,  
And like thy smoke my spirit bound  
To realms celestial.

## MICHAEL DOCHERTY.

"The character of the soldier of fortune, so imitatively well drawn, and which constitutes the chief merit of the popular tale, 'A Legend of Montrose,' has been considered altogether imaginary, and the careless facility with which he changed sides, and embraced opposite principles, regarded as the sportive invention of the author's brain. I will briefly relate the adventures of a sentinel in the continental service, as received from his own lips, and leave it to my readers to determine whether the character of Dalgetty, 'though it never did, might not have existed.'"

"At the moment of retreat, on the 12th of May, 1782, when colonel Laurens, commanding the light troops of general Greene's army, beat up the quarters of the enemy near Accabee, Michael Docherty, a distinguished soldier of the Delawares, said to a comrade who was near—"by Jesus, it does my heart good to think that little blood has been spilt this day, any how, and that we are likely to see the close of it without a fight." No notice was taken of his speech at the time, but meeting him shortly after in camp, I inquired, "how he, who was so much applauded for uncommon gallantry, should have expressed so great delight on finding the enemy indisposed for action." "And who, besides myself, had a better right to be pleased, I wonder," said Docherty. "Wounds and captivity have no charms for me, and Michael has never yet fought but as bad luck would have it, both have been his portion. When I give you a little piece of the history of my *past life* you will give me credit for my wish to be careful of the *part that is to come*. I was unlucky from the jump. At the battle of Brandywine, acting as sergeant of a company in the Delaware regiment, my captain killed, and lieutenant absenting himself from the field for the greater safety of his mother's son, I fought with desperation till our ammunition was expended, and my comrades being compelled to retire, I was left helpless and wounded on the ground, and fell into the hands of the enemy. Confinement was never agreeable to me. I could never be *aisy* within the walls of a prison. A recruiting sergeant of the British, who was at home in his business, and up to all manner of cajolery, by dint of perpetual blarney, gained my good will, slipped the king's bounty into my hand, which I pocketed, and entered a volunteer into the 17th regiment. Stoney Point was our station, and I thought myself snugly out of harm's way, when one ugly night, when I did not even dream of such an accident, the post was carried at the point of the bayonet, and an unlucky thrust laid me prostrate on the earth. It was a great consolation, however, although this was rather rough treatment from the hand of a friend, that the Old Delawares were covered with glory, and that as their prisoner, I was sure to meet the kindest attention. My wound once cured, and white-washed of my sins, my ancient comrades received me with kindness; and light of heart, and hoping to gain any quantity of laurels in the south, I marched forward with the regiment, as a part of

the command, destined to recover the Carolinas and Georgia. The bloody battle of Camden, fought on the 16th of August, bad luck to the day, brought me once again into trouble. Our regiment was cut up root and branch, and poor Pilgarlic, my unfortunate self, wounded and made prisoner. My prejudices against a jail I have frankly told, and being pretty confident that I should not a whit better relish a lodging in the inside of a prison ship, I once again suffered myself to be persuaded, and listed in the infantry of Tarleton's Legion. O, botheration, what a mistake, I never before had kept such bad company; as a man of honor, I was out of my *element*, and should certainly have given them leg bail, but that I had no time to brood over my misfortunes, for the battle of the Cowpens quickly following, Howard and Old Kirkwood gave us the bayonet so handsomely, that we were taken one and all, and I should have escaped unhurt, had not a dragoon of Washington's added a scratch or two to the account already scored on my unfortunate carcass. As to all the miseries that I have since endured, afflicted with a scarcity of every thing but appetite and mosquitoes, I say nothing about them. My love for my country gives me courage to support that and a great deal more when it comes. I love my comrades, and they love Docherty. Exchanging kindnesses, we give care to the dogs; but surely you will not be surprised, after all that I have said, that I feel *some qualms* at the thought of battle, since, take *whatever side I will*, I am always sure to find it *the wrong one*." [Anecdote of the American Revolution.]

## SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTH PLACE.

From Franklin's Letters to his Kinsfolks—By J. E. D.

The calm beauty of the landscape, the soft murmuring of the Avon, the pure stream of liquid harmony, and the recollections which the birth place of "Nature's darling" gave rise to, stole over my senses, and bore my imagination far away in a strain of delicious musings.

I visited the house in which Shakespeare was born—it is a very coarse building, paved with bricks, and walled with the same materials, roughly plastered over. It is now kept by a butcher! My guide was an old woman with a face which bore evidence to the frequency and depth of her potations. Her elf locks dangled from her well worn cap in wild disorder; every rag of her clothes was bidding good day to the rest; and her cloak, like the virtue of charity, served to cover many imperfections. She showed me all the Shakesperian relics, with as much assiduity, as an old Neapolitan priest exhibits the pieces of the true cross, or St. January's blood; and whilst I was examining them, she sate musing with a face of drunken wisdom, in the very chair of the immortal bard!

The body of the great poet of Nature, lies in the chancel of a very old and mouldering church, on the banks of the Avon. Leading to it is an avenue made of the interlacing boughs, forming a luxuriant archway; an almost impenetrable thicket of hawthorn and honey suckle, embosoms on all sides the abode of meditation and mystery.

The landscape was streaked with sunshine, and the distant hills tinted with rosy and purple hues. A presiding spirit of pastoral loneliness seems to hover over the scene, and no sound is heard, but the whispering of the leaves, and the plashing of an adjoining fountain, whose current bubbles forth to day-light in gay and sparkling profusion.

## TERMS OF THE PHILANTHROPIST:

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, payable half-yearly in advance.

ALL letters and communications must be directed, "Editor of the Christian Philanthropist, New- Bedford," and the Postage on them be paid.